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A HORROR OF WASTE.

Clara: WHY, GIRLS, HOW DO YOU DO? WHAT LOVELY NEW HATS!

The Girls: AREN'T THEY? AND ONLY SIXTY DOLLARS FOR THE TWO.

Clara: I NEVER HEARD OF ANYTHING LIKE IT. AND WHERE ARE YOU GOING NOW? LET US LUNCH TOGETHER.

One of the Girls: WE HAVE JUST LUNCHEED; AND SUCH A HORRID WASTE OF MONEY. WHY, MY LUNCH ALONE COST TWENTY-NINE CENTS!



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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IT is painful to see esteemed contemporaries falling into error; and yet they do, and force us to play the good Samaritan and drag them out. Here is the New York *Tribune* on record in a paragraph that disparages pretty girls because of their propensity to make trouble—poisonings, elopements and such—and cracks up the "plain girl" who "never figures in scandals or tragedies; and, although she may be homely enough to stop a clock, she is never heard of as breaking her father's or her husband's heart."

In the same spirit is the advice of the Boston *Transcript*, which says: "Do not fall in love with a pretty face, my son. Marry a homely woman if you would be happy." How is it that adult and experienced journals like the *Tribune* and the *Transcript* have not learned that there are no homely women. It ought not to be necessary for us to remind them that beauty lies in the eye of the beholder, and that the beholder who cannot discern it is either defective in his scrutiny or handicapped with an ocular apparatus that lacks some important lenses. The *Tribune* never made blunders of this sort while Dr. Greeley was alive.

AN additional error into which our Boston contemporary more particularly falls is implied in its exhortation to marry a so-called "homely woman." It is customary to speak of the "accident of birth," but birth is only a corollary to the accident of marriage, and experience and observation combine to teach us that one is as essentially a casualty as the other. The *Transcript* owes it to the boasted intelligence of its environment to recognize that the selection of matrimonial accomplices is less a matter of intelligent discrimination than of fate, a matter in which propinquity and the nice adjustment of obstacles influence volition to so great a degree as practically to destroy it. There are a good many things that the *Transcript* does n't know.

A PAINFUL feature of Mr. Gladstone's plan for Ireland is the banishment of the Irish members from the House of Commons. How will Mr. Parnell like to be exiled? Will

the society of the bog-trotters and the delights of Dublin make up to him for the loss of the excitements of the British capital? No doubt Mr. Parnell wants to be an Irish legislator, but no doubt he wants to be an angel, too. It is easy to understand that he may not be in a hurry in either case. If Mr. Gladstone's proposition should go through in its present form, the Irish members will be in a position to understand the feelings of a hornet who is promoted to be a working member in a hive of honey bees.

OUR congratulations are tendered to the editor of the *Sun* at the successful result of his efforts to bring the editor of the *World* to a realizing sense of his delinquencies as a Congressman. It will be noted that Editor Pulitzer was able to sustain his double responsibilities until the opening of the baseball season. When the important work of journalism begins it is proper for every editor to be at his post and give his undivided attention to the duties of his profession. LIFE trusts that Editor Dana will recognize the demands of the season and cease to distract his mind with china vases or the habits of hens in Ohio.

SAM JONES met Chicago, and he seems to be her's. At least she is not his. It seems as if for the first time Sam had bitten off rather more than he can chew. It has been a lesson to him. He does not chew any more, nor even smoke cigarettes; that much good, at least, he has got out of Chicago. The newspapers report that when he left the Queen City of the West (Is n't that what she calls herself?) he was greatly downcast and discouraged; but he ought not to have been. The Queen City is big and lacks very little of being superlative in all its properties. It has the wickedest Aldermen except New York; Buffalo, for all her bragging, being nowhere in comparison. It has the most explosive socialists this side of San Francisco. It generally has the wickedest Mayor in the United States, and the rest of its criminals are bad in proportion. On the other hand, it has the biggest Baptist Church in America; the biggest Presbyterian Church, except two in Brooklyn; the biggest Congregational Church, except Beecher's. It is apparent that in the Chicago alley both the pins are enormous and the balls are very big and tumble around right smartly. Sam was not used to this. His habit has been simply to blaze away on his own hook and have his fun with the pins; but in Chicago it took half his time to keep out of the way of the balls of the other participants, until finally he assailed pins and balls with almost equal force. Sam should take comfort in the reflection that a man has to be very bad indeed before his experience as a reformed sinner can do Chicago any good.

BRUSH those idle tears away.
Fie! upon your wedding day
To be crying, I must say,
Seems quite out of place.
This is rather late to start
Finding that you have a heart
'Neath that filmy lace.

Soon he'll come to claim his bride;
Do not let him see you've cried.
What, are you not satisfied
With the price he paid?
Surely it was large enough
For a doll in silk and fluff,
Daintily arrayed.

There's the step upon the stair;
Smooth those tangles in your hair;
An expression of despair
Makes you sadly pale.
Hurry, hide that photograph,
Go and read love's epitaph
At the altar rail!

Ernest De Lancey Pierson.



ASKING TOO MUCH.

"MISSER BURT, I'se had a bad pull agin. Ef hit war n't for you an' de Lord, an' one or two odder gen'l'm'n, I'd been in de seminary larng ago."

"So, John?"

"Yes, sir. De las' dime am gone. Dar am nuffin' lef' but fluff in dis yere pocket; and dat yer odder pocket," he continued, striking his abdomen, "am holler all de way fru."

"What did you do with the corn meal I sent you last Thursday?"

"De corn meal? Yessir. De ole woman she made dat yer up into hoe-cake. But—hol' on a minit, Misser Burt—de ole woman, she says, 'John Peter,' she says, 'dar am on'y a pinch ob de meal lef'.' 'On'y a pinch?' I says. 'Yes,' she says. Now, Misser Burt, what did she do wid dat yer pinch? Frow it away? No, sir; she mixed dat pinch wid sawdust; yessir. Den she backum crisp an' brown an' give 'em to de chil'ren."

"I see, John, you've had hard luck. But trust in the Lord and He will provide."

"Dat's jess wat I's been a doin' fur de las' y'ar, Misser Burt, an' dar's war I git lef'. But de Good Book say, 'Him dat gibs to de po' len's to de Lord.' Doan' yo' want to len' two dollars to de Lord, Misser Burt?"

"I have a cord of pine wood in my back yard, John, that ought to be split up. Get your axe and do the job and I'll pay you two dollars."

"An' leab de chil'ren all alone to fool wif matches an' set fire to the house? Great king! W'en night time come dey wouldn't be nuff ashes lef' ob dat property to fill dis yer pipe. Go larng, Misser Burt. I allers want ter be 'commo-datin', but now yer axin' too much."

H. V. S.

THERE seems to have been an epidemic of steamer disasters. The City of New York needs hauling off and pumping out more than any of them.

A PURL OF GREAT PRICE—Niagara Falls.

It is rumored that Mary Anderson is engaged to a Hindoo snake charmer.



APRILLIC—IDYLLIC.

(VILLANETTE À LA MODE.)

THE rain is soaking through my rubber suit,
I wonder if this town was ever dry
(Sing me a roundelay and thrum the lute).

I'm glad I did not wear a lighter boot,
The "green" looks like a lake of verdant dye
(The rain is soaking through my rubber suit).

There! I feel it creeping 'round each foot;
I'll catch a cold and maybe I shall die
(Sing me a roundelay and thrum the lute).

And there's Miss Jones! My love is destitute!
She'll never have me, looking such a guy
(The rain is soaking through my rubber suit,
Sing me a roundelay and thrum the lute).

Edgar Brenner.

* * *

THE truly good man is he who never forges another man's name to a commercial paper nor his own to a literary production.

* * *

PAPER slippers are the latest novelty in that line. They will never take the place of the old style for boy-fanning purposes, however.



RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

I SAY, OLD CHAP, WHEN IS MARDI GRAS?
DUNNO, I'M SURE, DEAR BOY, UNLESS IT'S
THE WEDNESDAY BEFORE EASTER.

INTERESTING TO POKER PLAYERS.

IT has just leaked out that Mary Anderson refused to see the Prince of Wales, although she had a full house at the time. They say that the Prince had a straight flush just afterwards.

* * *

FOR New York Aldermen:
A *non est* man's the noblest work of God.

* * *

A SIX-YEAR old Pittsfield, Mass., child, being asked,
"What is a rope?" replied: "A fat string."

* * *

USEFUL HINTS.

WHEN a sitting hen is too indisposed to stay on the nest continuously, let her rest alternate days and tie the rooster on the nest while she's resting.

THE soot can be thoroughly swept out of a chimney by dropping a goose in it at the top. The goose, in vainly striving to fly upward, thoroughly cleans the chimney with its wings.

IN swinging your Indian clubs there is no need of cracking your head with them. It is a mistake to suppose that the muscles of the brain can be developed by such a process.

BY immersing the entire body in soft tar before taking a bee-tree, one can render himself invulnerable to the assaults of the bees.

YOU can smoke a rabbit out of a hollow by smoking a cigarette close enough to let the stench enter the hole.

A GOOD way to delight the children is to turn in a false fire alarm and show them the engine when it comes up.

ONE way to get at the merits of a masterpiece, in the way of a painting, is to hang around an art critic and jot down his remarks. And he will pay you for the privilege.

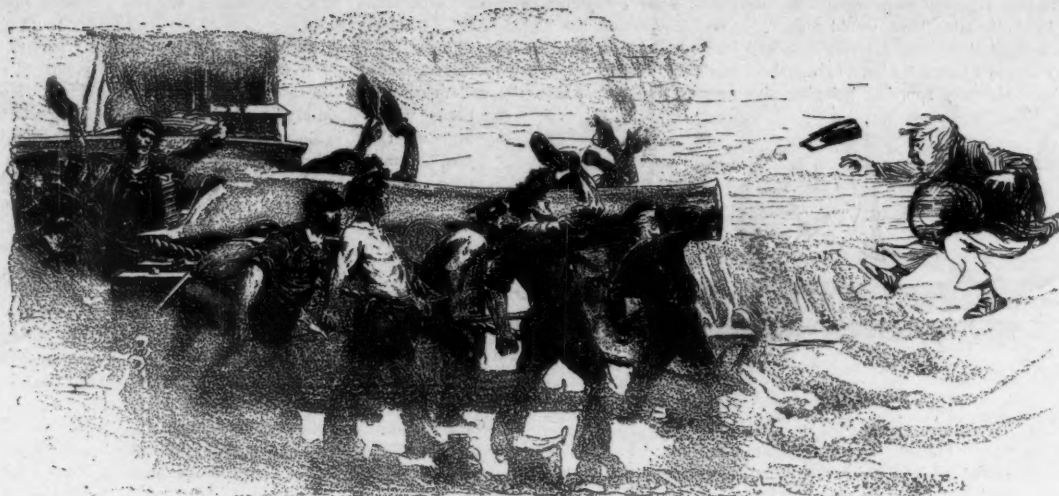
THE scent of whisky on the breath can be subdued by smearing asafetida on the moustache.

WHEN your bedfellow snores and refuses to hush, trump up a counterfeit nightmare and straddle his neck. If this does n't stop him, kick him out of the bed in such a way that his head will strike the floor first. The resulting cerebral agitation will keep him awake for the rest of the night and give you a chance to doze a little.

IF you make a habit of keeping live mice in your pockets, your loose change will be comparatively safe from your enterprising wife.

IF you take a small step-ladder with you into the theatre it will be very serviceable when the stage is barricaded from view by a big hat.

FRECKLES can be removed from the face with sand-paper.



LIEUT. PLUG'S HEROIC ACTION.

"This gallant officer repeatedly planted himself against the muzzle of the enemy's 16-inch pivot gun."—From Captain Kidd's Official Report.

OUR WAR PAPERS.

IT is impossible to estimate correctly the value of the historical reminiscences which that able magazine, the *Centurion*, is now presenting to the American public. We realize this, and sincerely desire to aid in the important work of contributing to the history of the misunderstanding between the North and South, the testimony of living eye-witnesses ere the same shall have gone to their final resting places beyond the reach of wars and rumors of wars, and yet, let us hope for their sakes, to a country where the disputed points can be argued to a final and satisfactory conclusion.

To further complete the testimony already printed in the before-mentioned magazine in regard to the great naval contest between the Oldbummer and the Korsage, we herewith



FORE ADMIRAL RUSTLE F. SEYRT.

From a photograph by Grady, taken after dinner.

present an article on the subject by Mr. Billy McGee McGoo, formerly cook of the Confederate cruiser.

THE OLDBUMMER AND THE KORSAGE.

THE CRUISE OF THE OLDBUMMER.

IT has never been my lot to meet a more polite and gentlemanly set of men than the gallant crew of the celebrated *Oldbummer*.

From the captain down to the lowliest tar that fore-reached the bounding bowsprit every man in the ship was the ideal sailor; courteous, refined and polite to a fault.

The reader will understand, of course, that I joined the ship before she left England; having signed the 39 Articles and qualified before the Marine Side-Board as an able-bodied, A No. 1, clipper-rigged cook, warranted to boil in any climate, and sworn to protect and defend the ship's dishrag against all its enemies.

Sailing through the calm southern seas in a stout, trim, well-built vessel such as the *Old-*

bummer was, became a sincere pleasure to me; my duties being light, I had much leisure to examine the gentlemanly crew and philosophize upon the stirring and exhilarating scenes around me.

I cannot say too much for the kindness of the crew in providing innocent and entertain-



CHART SHOWING COURSE OF THE "OLDBUMMER" DURING THE NIGHT PRECEDING THE CONFLICT.

ing amusement. Hardly a day passed but that one of them was playfully extended at the mast-head. Our captain frequently called his men together, especially before an engagement, and addressed them in terms of the most disinterested kindness. On several occasions

portions of the men, not to be outdone by the officers in polite attentions, would come forward as a deputation, some carrying (attached to their wrists by a lanyard) a bag of grape shot, and others playfully sporting belaying pins



THE CAPTAIN OF THE "OLDBUMMER" DECIDES TO FIGHT THE "KORSAGE."

and capstan bars. The officers meeting them in the same cordial spirit in which they came, both sides would engage in what was technically termed a "Skrim-Shander," which for genuine feeling and real energetic, fore-reaching, side-splitting divertisement excelled anything I have ever seen. Occurring between decks, this spectacular performance was spirited and enlivening in the extreme. Being of Irish descent, as my name suggests, I had frequently been at wakes and fairs and similar comminglings, but never have I seen a merry-making so much to my taste as this. Here



When the first shot struck us the Captain was standing by the Fore Scupper, just abaft the Starboard Mizzen Keel Top Haylard Port Bowline.

would be a gunner's mate with his head neatly laid open with a belaying pin, and there, a petty officer vainly endeavoring to coax back into its place his truant jaw which had inadvertently met a capstan bar. Officers and men, bars, bags and billets mingled in one beautiful red-colored carnival; and it was

only when completely worn out with sport and liquor that the high-spirited fellows desisted, and were quietly placed in irons.

These scenes of jollity and good feeling generally occurred after the gallant crew had been "bow-sing up their jibs," a maritime expression corresponding very nearly with the landsman's phrase "barrel-ing up."

Of course, with such a model crew, life sped gaily and pleasantly onward. Good feeling and pleasant drolleries were the order of the day. Songs were sung, and many were the merry dances of the light-hearted tars. In some of these the feet of the sailors would not touch the decks for hours at a time.

One of the most enjoyable of all the pleasant



THE "KORSAGE" HASTENING TO THE SCENE OF ACTION.

This superb ship, the pride of our navy, and one of John Roach's masterpieces, had been completely overhauled eleven times at a cost of \$400,000 each time. Her magnificent 2-colt power engines alone cost \$12,000,000. When under full steam she can easily make her three knots a week.

little parties which marked a year of social gayety was the Christmas celebration at Arcas Keys, a somewhat sequestered spot in the Caribbean Sea. The port watch acted as hosts, opened a few bottles of their favorite claret. One of the entertainers extended an invitation to the dance in the following quaint words: "Well, here's for a quiet life; I can lick anything in the starboard watch." In a few minutes the entire front of the island was a scene of animated gayety. Dancing was indulged in until a late hour, and the boats which came to take the revelers back to the ship returned several times in order to remove a number of gentlemen who had no choice but to remain flat and be carried feet foremost.

Of course we took many prizes; almost every day, and invariably twice on Sundays, we captured one of the enemy's vessels. I will not bother the reader with the narrative of these victories, since it is with the delightful social

life of the man-o'-war that I seek to entertain him.

What sport we had with the prisoners. One of our enforced visitors was a parson-like gentleman, and as he fell to my share, I tried him in my iron tank, capable of holding a hundred gallons of hot water. Years before, during a visit to the Cannibal Islands, I had banqueted with a friend of mine, the chef of a hospitable tribe, on a similar dish, and had often longed for an opportunity to experiment in the same line. Need I say that my experiment was a great epicurean success? As we had been long out of port, and had exhausted nearly all our supplies except our stock of salt-horse, the officers and crew were so polite as to send me their written thanks for this much-relished change in their bill of fare. Dear *Oldbummer*, how the memory of those happy days returns to me!

I now come to the saddest part of my narrative—our last engagement. The officers had for some time been asking me for frogs legs for dinner; and as I had assured them that it was impossible to procure this delicacy so far from land, they at last prevailed upon the captain to make sail for France. Our course was

thereupon altered to S.S.E. by N.N.W., and we put before a favorable breeze at the rate of ten knots per hour.

Had it not been for this fatal fancy of our epicurean officers I am sure that the *Oldbummer* would have existed many a year to be an honor to her country and a credit to her captain.

But we went to France, and from the harbor of Cherbourg, on a sunny Sunday, we started forth to meet the *Korsage*.

It was never my habit to pass my time in idleness upon the deck during an engagement. Others, tempted by curiosity, might desire to promenade at such times and gaze on the scenery, but I was above such work myself. I knew that we always came out ahead, and as long as my prize money was secure I did not interfere in the action. I was frying flapjacks for the officers' mess when the action began, and despite the noise and confusion incident upon and almost inseparable from a naval

engagement, I kept ahead, and was accumulating quite a tall pile of fragrant cakes against the return of the hungry officers, when a shell meandered aimlessly through the side of the ship and carried the plate, cakes and all, out of sight. Almost immediately another shot took away a section of the main-port halyards, penetrated the galley, killed the negro assistant, and, worst of all, broke the range to pieces. The next shot came through the side below the mizzen-mast, struck the pile of ship's biscuit and broke them in a hundred

inhuman enemy poured a broadside into our pantry and completely destroyed the entire lot of ship stores.

I at once made my way to the deck, where a scene of horror presented itself. The vessel reeled like the port watch on a tear; the main mast fell with a crash and water surged up through the cabins; dead and dying mingled in confusion on the decks, and the lee scuppers ran red with blood, while the deck was slippery with gore. Our noble captain was dropping his sword into the sea. Lashing a firkin of French butter to my side I sprang overboard. The *Oldbummer*, as if only waiting for my departure, turned a complete somersault in the air, and with a wild roar sank beneath the waves.

My strong and sturdy butter towed me safely to the French harbor, where I took a berth in an Italian bark loaded with organ grinders and monkeys, for the

American trade, and returned once more to my home.

W. C. Edgar.



A 12-OUNCE SHELL STRIKING THE "KORSAGE."

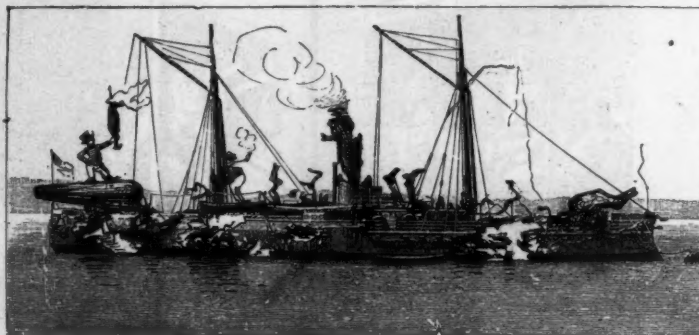
- A. Commodore Skyrte.
- B. The Fore Barnacle Watch.
- C. LIFE's Special Correspondent.

thousand fragments. Then I realized that all was over, and hastily hung out a table-cloth as a sign of surrender, notwithstanding which the



FOKE ADMIRAL BUSTLE F. SKYRT, COMMANDER OF THE "KORSAGE."

[From an instantaneous photograph by Grady, taken during the fight.]



THE "KORSAGE," AFTER THE FIGHT.

"NOTHING AT ALL."

(RONDEAU.)

"NOTHING at all!" her sweet lips say,
When I my dainty lady pray
Confide to me the thoughts that move
Her eyes *F* those of tenderest love
To shine more tenderly than they.

Straight then each kindling iris gray—

A steely knight that hurls his glove—
Darts down a fierce, defiant nay,

"Nothing at all!"

Faith! would not I bow low and lay
Brave bribes of gold and jewels gay
Before his feet who would betray

The secret of my dainty love:

*What she thinks when she's thinking of
Nothing at all!*

G. A. Hall.

MAKING IT BINDING.

"I AM a lawyer's daughter, you know, George dear," she said, after George had proposed and had been accepted, "and you wouldn't think it strange if I were to ask you to sign a little paper to the effect that we are engaged, would you?"

George was too happy to think anything strange just then, and he signed the paper with a trembling hand and a bursting heart.

Then she laid her ear against his middle vest button and they were very, very happy.

"Tell me, darling," said George after a long, delicious silence, "why did you want me to sign that paper? Do you not repose implicit confidence in my love for you?"

"Ah yes," she sighed with infinite content, "indeed I do; but George, dear, I have been fooled so many times."

N O B O D Y is contented until he is in jail. Then he has enough.



IN THE YEAR TWO T
WHAT DR. HAMMOND'S BALD-HEADED AMERICAN OF THE XXI. CEN



R TWO THOUSAND.

THE XXI. CENTURY WILL SEE AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.



HUMAN NATURE IN SHAMS.

SO good a writer as Rebecca Harding Davis deserves a better setting for her work than cheap and gaudy paper covers. However, no flashy accessories can detract from the merits of her unambitious story, "Natasqua" (Cassell & Co.). It is only a sketch, to be read in an hour, yet the work of it is delicately finished, and the general effect is produced with true insight and force.

IT is an earnest plea for sincerity and truth; it is a most effective—sometimes humorous, sometimes painful—demonstration of the mockery of all sham success. And yet the truest grasp of character is shown by the author when she makes the family who are living a life of sham more to be pitied than despised.

My friends, *Major Vaux*, with his puffery, his brag and his veneer, was still a man with deep affections, who tried to appear what he was not for the sake of his family. It was a great mistake, but it was very human. It is so common in New York that you hardly censure it when you see it. It makes your "flat" mostly stained glass doorway and reception room; your charity chiefly *Kaffee Klatsche*; you achieve noble deeds mostly by proxy in a play or a novel; and you worship with an eye to the upholstered background furnished by your pew and the general "becomingness" of your surroundings.

Major Vaux, you deserved the measure of success which you achieved in this city! Your life was a tremendous deception in small things, but it was in that respect like most of your neighbors'.

THE contrast to all this shabby gilding is furnished by *Richard Dort*, the handsome, manly oyster-man, who lived his narrow life for all it was worth. Yet when the time of trial came he, too, was ready to act, for a little while, a lie which was half romance and half cowardice.

It is the old, old story of human ambition and human deceit, which Carlyle preached against, Thackeray satirized, and even Howells gently laughs at.

Do we not all laugh at it—nothing more—and knowingly wink at our wives across the table? It is so delightfully human to sham a little.

MR. EDGAR FAWCETT has at last received some of that enthusiastic praise which the critics have so long denied him. An appreciative article in *Lippincott's Magazine* tells us that the commercial value of his verse is "larger now than ever before;" that he has "avoided obscurity, aimed at a rich yet robust style, shunned mannerism, affectation, and mere dilettante archaism;" that his "Ambitious Woman" was warmly recognized and widely read; "and that he is equipped notably and exceptionally" for writing New York novels.

We need hardly add that this eulogistic estimate is signed by Mr. Edgar Fawcett.

Droch.

• NEW BOOKS •

SALAMMO OF GUSTAVE FLAUBERT. Englished. By M. French Sheldon. Saxon & Co., London and New York.

The Country Banker; His Clients, Cares and Work. By George Rae. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

A Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe, with maps. Edition for 1886. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Summer Haven Songs. By James Herbert Morse. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

Prince Otto. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Roberts Bros., Boston.

The Adventures of Harry Richmond. By George Meredith. New Edition. Roberts Bros., Boston.



THE production of "Broken Hearts" at the Madison Square Theatre is as noteworthy as any theatrical event during the past season, both by reason of the dainty texture of the drama and the faultless manner in which Mr. A. M. Palmer presented it to the public.

The fact that a fairy story has nightly attracted overflowing audiences to the Madison Square Theatre seems to give the lie to the arrogant Latins when they boldly assert that Anglo-Saxons are a race of shop-keepers with no appreciation of art and imagination.

For the last two weeks desiccated business men and plump old ladies, whom no one would have accused of ideas beyond leg of mutton and housemaid tribulations, have sympathized with the *Lady Hilda* and the stolen talisman of invisibility and wept at the namby-pamby sentiments of expiring *Lady Vairr*.

"Broken Hearts" was refreshing, and Mr. Palmer was most happy in his selection of a drama. The æsthetic costumes of Gilbert's imaginary characters were a positive rest from the eternal dreariness of the "Worth costume," the fatiguing crinoline, the consummate gloves, and the nineteenth century accessories. A hero without a dress suit was also interesting. Shirt fronts, however well starched, become monotonous, and swallow-tails will pall even upon enthusiastic schoolgirls. "Broken Hearts" appealed entirely to the imagination, and the appeal was not in vain. There have been flushed and hectic noses at the Madison Square Theatre during the past three weeks, and they have not been caused by the driveling idiocy of the conventional sensation.

"Old Love Letters," Bronson Howard's pretty little comedy, brought the audiences back to the realms of reality, and the reality, as interpreted by Mr. Kelcey and Mrs. Booth, was edifying in every respect.

Alan Dale.

MISS ROSE COGHLAN, after an extended and successful tour through the West and South, will open at the Windsor Theatre Monday, April 26th, in "Our Joan," to play throughout Easter week.



BENEFIT OF A CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

Father: JOHN, MY BOY, YOU HAVE BEEN STUDYING LATIN SOME TIME; TRANSLATE THIS FOR ME. *SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI.*

John (readily): SEE THE GLORIOUS TRANSIT MONDAY.

Father (proudly): OF COURSE, AND QUITE LIKE ENGLISH, TOO. WE MUST N'T FAIL TO SEE IT, JOHN, EITHER.

A PROMPT ANSWER.

WHILE there is a circus in town very few children get excited over religious matters.

Last Sunday Deacon Bucrag, a good man, but rather a crude talker, addressed the Sunday School.

"Dear children," he began, plunging at once into his subject, "Jesus said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' Now, dear children, the little ones came to him in large numbers, and in—in their mother's arms, and he took them and—and, now can any of you tell me what Jesus did with all those dear little children?"

"He took them to the circus," vociferated a small boy near the door.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.

THE UNFORTUNATE RABBIT.

A HALF-STARVED Rabbit went to the house of a fat Horse and asked for something to eat. "Just walk into the kitchen and help yourself to anything that you see," said the good-natured Horse. The Rabbit then went into the kitchen and carried off the stove, the bread-tray, the table, a barrel of flour and a nice dinner.

MORAL: This Fable teaches that choosers are not apt to be beggars if you give them a chance to choose.

THE CUNNING GROUNDHOG.

AN estimable old Groundhog, wishing to ascertain the opinions of the neighbors about himself, had a bogus congestive chill and, falling on the ground, pretended to be dead. He was buried on the following day, but scratched his way out of the grave, and went in disguise to hear his own funeral sermon preached. The discourse was so complimentary that the Groundhog was puffed up with vanity; and, having bought a cane and an eye-glass, he became a dude.

MORAL: This Fable teaches the danger of flattery.

ODE TO SPRING!

HAIL! Spring, thou weakener.

Now is our back most limp.

Our tottering and uncertain legs

Do ill support the nerveless

Trunk above them.

Our swaying

Neck succumbs beneath

The empty head it carries.

The brain hath gone a-fishing.

Those muscles that have functioned

In a seemly way thro' winter's

Cold become like wetted rags.

And now the young man's fancy lightly

Turns to tonics;

Teutonics

To their beer.

"THROUGH BY DAYLIGHT"—The house breaker.



FARMER BEETROOT'S BOY, TOMMY, PLAYED "HOOKEY" THE OTHER DAY, AND STOLE AWAY TO THE BARN WHERE HE FELL ASLEEP ON SOME BAGS OF PATENT FERTILIZER, WITH THE ABOVE ASTOUNDING RESULT.



THE SOUL OF HONOR.

AN American went to one of his friends who was in an hospital. "Well, and how are you getting along?" he asked.

"Badly, old man, very badly. The doctor has just told me that if I turned over on my left side it would kill me immediately."

"You surprise me."

"It's just as I have told you."

"It's all nonsense."

"You do n't believe it; well, I will bet you \$10 it is so."

"I'll take it."

"Well, then, look here," and the sick man turned over and died. His friend deposited a \$10 bill on the side of the bed and left.—*Paris Gaulois*.

A GERMAN rushed into a drug store on Penn avenue yesterday and exclaimed:

"Mein Gott, young man, I eat raw bork, and I dink dere vos dose machinery in it."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

THE New York *Sun* says: "Four aces and a six beat four aces and a five."

Unless the *Sun* plays poker with dice he had better never come west, where a concurrence of these hands in a single deal of poker is always the occasion of a double funeral, the pot going toward paying the funeral expenses.—*Omaha Herald*.

A YOUNG married lady who moved into the country from a city home considered keeping hens a pleasant and profitable duty. As she became more absorbed in the pursuit her enthusiasm increased, and "hens" made a favorite subject of her thoughts and conversation. During one of her animated descriptions of success a friend inquired: "Are your hens good hens?" "Oh, yes," she replied, in a delighted tone, "they have n't laid a bad egg yet."—*Catskill Mail*.

T. B. ALDRICH, editor of the *Atlantic*, is quoted as saying, in referring to a well-filled graveyard near his residence: "I have excellent neighbors; they never send in any manuscript." From which it is inferred that Mr. Aldrich has a poor opinion of persons who send in manuscript, and would rather write all the magazine himself. He should be permitted to do so. We should prefer it that way. There is not so much weary dialect stuff in his writings.—*Norristown Herald*.

VISITOR (in penitentiary): What brought you to this place, my friend?

Convict: Sneezing.

Visitor: Sneezing?

Convict: Yis, sorr. It woke the gentleman up, an' he nabbed me. Have ye got a bit of tobacky about ye, sorr?

"Too much absorbed in his business," was the comment of a newspaper on the death of a brewer who was found drowned in a tank of his own beer.—*French joke*.

JUDGE: "You attacked this gentleman; you knocked him down and robbed him of his watch—"

Prisoner: "Your Honor is right. But if I had not taken the initiative who can tell but that he might have done the same thing to me?"—*Imitation joke in the Graphic*.

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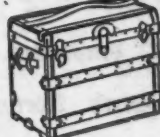
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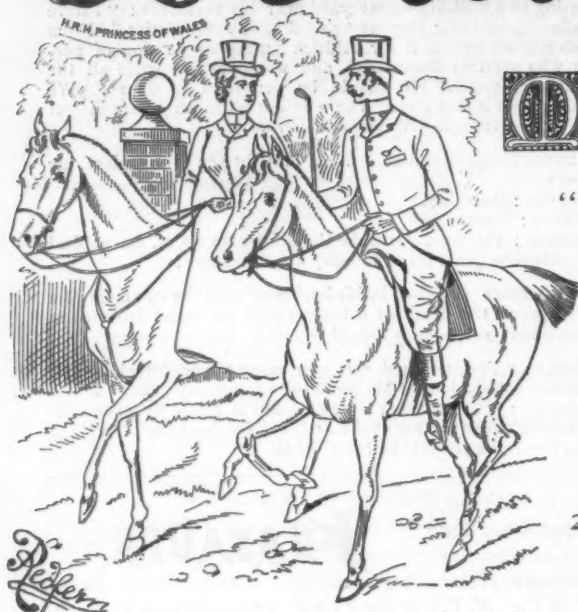


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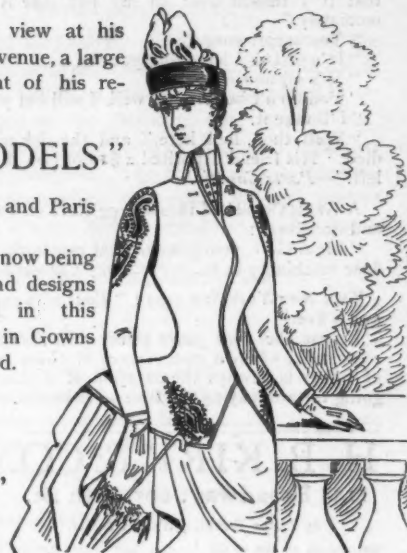
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